

# The Klondike Nugget

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When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

**LETTERS**  
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1900.

### CLOSES TOMORROW.

Tomorrow (Wednesday) is the last day for the receipt of entries in the Nugget's prize story contest. All those who intend contributing to the contest are urged to send their manuscripts in without fail before tomorrow evening. In order that no possibility of error may arise we append the conditions of the contest, to which we draw the particular attention of all those who desire to compete. The length of the story is not to exceed 4000 words, but may contain less than that number. All manuscripts are to be signed with nom de plume or author only and to be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing both nom de plume and author's real name. The time given for the preparation of the stories has been somewhat limited and more particularly so in view of the fact that leisure moments for literary work are not altogether too abundant with most people of our community.

In spite of this fact, however, a degree of interest has been manifested in the contest which has proven most gratifying. We have no doubt that the feeling of interest which has been awakened in the Klondike, as a field for efforts in a literary line, will not be allowed to die out.

Klondike stories written on the scene of action will ere long be attracting widespread attention.

### OUR GAME.

While the fact is not generally realized, it is nevertheless true that we are living in the center of a veritable sportsman's paradise.

There is no season of the year when game of some kind is not abundant. Around the upper waters of the Stewart river birds, and animals as well are to be found in great numbers, and taken without difficulty, as they have been thus far subjected to but comparatively little annoyance from hunters.

Stories of countless herds of caribou roaming the valleys in the lower country are frequently told, and in the Nugget today are published the facts respecting the presence of an immense drove of these animals around the headwaters of Fortymile river.

One is reminded of the tremendous herds of buffalo which roamed the prairies of the western states a quarter of a century ago. Those noble animals which were once so numerous as almost to cover the plains, have entirely disappeared except where they are kept and cared for in captivity.

The slaughter of the buffalo was a crime, for thousands were killed where hundreds only could be used. When it was too late the mistake was seen and some little effort made to rectify it but it could not be done.

In dealing with our magnificent game preserves—among the last left on the continent—we have the experience of the past as a guide, which experience can be taken advantage of with much profit.

We do not want our game indiscriminately slaughtered, nor yet should any unnecessary hardship be imposed upon the sportsman or the man who may gain a livelihood through his prowess in the chase.

There will be splendid sport from the hunter's standpoint in this country for years yet to come, if some reasonable measures of protection are adopted whereby unnecessary slaughter may be prevented.

We are honored with a letter from Mr. Joseph A. Clarke, S. Y. P., S. C. C., and R. A. W. C. E. The distinguished gentleman pays us several well merited compliments which neither our modesty nor our space will permit us to print. Incidentally he deprecates a suggestion which he says appeared sometime since in these columns, wherefrom the inference was drawn that he, the said Joseph, had attempted to express Mr. Arthur Wilson's opinions in a public debate. Inasmuch as Mr. Wilson himself has not been heard from in the matter we feel greatly pleased in assuring our much esteemed correspondent that we are perfectly convinced that he never so endeavored to represent Mr. Wilson.

Some bold, bad villain recently entered the News office and stole a couple of papers off the file. The first thing we know some one will be walking off with the News editorial scissors and paste bucket—a disaster the possible effects of which are horrible to contemplate.

The Sun is hereafter to be issued but once a week, which change, says the Sun scribe, "will enable us to get out a better paper each issue." On that sort of count, if the Sun were to issue but once a month an improvement of about 400 per cent would be expected.

This is the time of year when the average Klondiker looketh well to the chinking in his cabin, and loveth to linger in the morning beneath the protecting warmth of his fur robe, if perchance he be so lucky as to possess one.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Prudhomme is not out of voice by reason of his somewhat prolonged abstinence from participation in public affairs.

We never heard it hinted that the Tacoma News "was owned by a Canadian." But then of course—well, the less said, sometimes the better.

### To Prevent Cruelty.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals met in the Board of Trade rooms last evening and adopted a constitution. Much discussion ensued on various subjects pertaining to the general objects in view.

Vice President Hetherington was chosen chairman of the board of control, and Mrs. Brown secretary.

It was after 11 o'clock when the business for which the meeting was called was sufficiently advanced to admit of adjournment till next Monday evening.

### Cursed by Imperialism.

Oakland, Nov. 2.—Robert McKillican, former sheriff of this county and one of the best known men on this side of the bay, arrived here yesterday from Nome, where he has been for the past several months. Up in the famous mining camp, according to Mr. McKillican, the administration is experimenting with imperialism. Thus far the scheme has worked to the discomfort of the miners and the detriment of Mr. McKinley's representatives. It was only through the counsel of conservative spirits like the former sheriff that an uprising of the miners was prevented. There was a well organized movement on foot to disarm the troops and wipe out the courts as a final step toward securing justice for the workmen and prospectors, without corporate or political backing.

"The men of Nome have had all of imperialism they want," said Mr. McKillican. "They have been handled most shamefully by the troops there, who are operating at the suggestion of the courts. Military government doesn't suit the American, especially the brand that has revealed in the freedom which Californians have enjoyed.

"There is scarcely a man in Nome who hasn't got his fill of the administration. The judges do as they like, especially when men without money or political influence are concerned. The judge makes a ruling, and whether it is right or wrong, the soldiers go out and enforce it at the point of the bayonet. The thing is, to say the least, un-American and outrageous.

"The miners get tired of getting the worst of it and decided to object forcibly to being ordered about by the

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troops like a lot of sheep. So one day several hundred of them met to take measures to change the complexion of things. It was the intention of these men to band together and revolt. They planned the disarming of the troops and the wiping out of the crooked courts. However, a few men, including myself, who, while in full sympathy with the spirit of these desperate men, went among them and finally got them to agree to submit to the condition of affairs a while longer.

"If you get a claim that looks pretty good, some fellow of influence will hear about it and the first thing you know there will be a question raised about your right to the claim. The court will be against you unless you have money. I happened to strike something that looked pretty good. The news of my find spread over the camp. A few days afterward a man came to me and said I had no right to the claim. I didn't bother talking to him. I just got my rifle and told him if he wanted the claim he had better take it. If they were going to try the imperialist racket, I thought I might just as well be an imperialist. That game can be played both ways. The only protection a poor man has in Nome under this reign of imperialism is his rifle."

### A Blood Purifier.

We had some delicious canned strawberries for desert today, and Frank, in his usual lucid style, compared the Klondike food supply of three years ago with that of the present day. In the course of his remarks he gradually drifted into collateral channels. "Tell ye what boys," he proceeded, fixing our attention with a can opener, "there was darned little to eat them days outside o' beans and mouldy bacon. I've seen flapjacks that would 'a made middlin' good doormats, an' I've seen bread that would 'a passed most anywhere fur chunks o' cord wood. That's what give all the boys round here scurvy. I was livin' wi' a chap up on Hunker an' 'e was stuck on 'is cookin'—ate 'is own make of flapjacks, the damfool. Purty soon 'e tuk bad, an' 'e was the deadeest lookin' live man I ever seen. All blue an' green an' swollen. 'Is teeth got so blamed loose that 'i ye didn't catch on to the racket you'd 'a swore somebody was shakin' a dice box every time 'e turned over in 'is bunk. That's a square deal, boys. Did 'e die? Well, no—can't say 'e did. Ye see there was a lot o' this here Hudson bay tea, growin' around the shack, an' I gathered a han'ful o' the stuff an' fixed a crackin' strong broo. Well, sir, it straightened 'im up in great shape—had 'im at work inside a week, an' 'e swore 'e hadn't felt stronger and limberer in ten years.

"N let me tell you this tea's out o' sight in the blood—purifyin' line. B'jove, it's terrible good boys. Some o' ye knew Hank Malloy. Use to run the bark 'Emma' down on the lakes somewhere. One day 'e run 'er on to a pier down Port Hope way an' dam near-drowned hisself. Then 'e lit out an' come up here wi' a crew o' hoodlums, an' worked fur a while 'longside o' me on Hunker. I picked up a good deal o' navigashun from 'im, an' use to sling it in pretty handy in my conversashun. Well, after clean up, Hank had a purty good sack comin' to 'im. One mornin' 'e was a-washin' 'is face an' 'e ses to me, he ses, "Frank, guess I'll run up the spanker an' tack fur Dawson." "Belay all that, Hank," I ses. "Dawson's wuss'n hell fur sailors. Ye'll cruise down there an' git yer riggin' shot away, an' then ye'll come back to port a shorn hulk. Better stay here an' waltz around easy at yer anker."

Twan't no use. Down 'e goes, an' o' course 'e didn't do a thing in Dawson. Boys, 'e painted 'er up terrible good and fixed hisself plenty. He

gambled some, 'n threw in a lot o' hooch 'bout every once in a little while, 'n then 'e took in all the side dishes. 'Bout 3 o'clock in the mornin' 'e was sashayin' around on the sidewalk. Thought 'e was on the poop deck o' the bark 'Emma,' an' whin a p'liceman come along to kinda soothe 'im up a bit 'e hollers, "Bos'n, what'n hell ye doin' up here without orders?" 'N swatts the cop in the eye, knockin' 'im plumb into the lee scupper, which means off the sidewalk whin 'e were in a town. They give 'im three months stiddy job on the woodpile fur that.

Well, whin 'e come back to Hunker he were a purty ornery lookin' sailor-man. Boys, he was a beaut—A No. 1 registered. He was all over biles, an' some spots was terrible red an' fiery, seshally the starboard side o' 'is nose. His eyes was bleary an' 'is hair was all a-fallin' off 'is head—'nough to make a shavin' brush every time 'e took 'is cap off. Lord, Lord, 'e was a picter—by one o' them old masters. O', course I ups an' ast 'im what in blazes he'd bin doin' to hisself, an' he gives me the hull yarn. He sed they towed 'im into barracks an' tried 'im by court marshal. Fur four weeks 'e sawed wood every day, doin' three watches reg'lar, includin' a dogwatch. 'N then the biles an' things come onto 'im, 'n they kep' 'im below most o' the time and fed 'im pretty lib'ral on merc'ry, so's 'e could tell nex' time it got down to zero the doc sed. Now, what I was tryin' to git at, boys, was about 'is here Hudson bay tea. I fixes her up good and strong fur poor Hank—made a terrible lot of it—'bout's much's you could hold in a gold pan. Hank didn't 'pear to like the looks o' the broo, bein's his stummik was kinda down on the merc'ry, so 'e sed he guessed 'e didn't think 'e cared to come in on the deal.

He had a lot o' little ornery lookin' pills the doc give 'em, an' seein's 'e had to drink a swaller o' water every time 'e took a pill, I sed I guessed 't would be jes as handy to sluice 'em down wi' the tea. So he done it, 'n 'y'gosh, boys, purty soon the biles began to wilt. They first got kinda dry an' corky-lookin', an' then they sorta crumbled off gradual on to his clothes. 'N 'is hair it quit fallin' out 'n 'y'gosh he got to lookin' purty good agin—purty dam good. Course 'is hair wa'n glossy an' wady's 't use to be. 'Twas kinda brittle an' wiry—stood up slopin' most all the time, an' was purty scarce—didn't show up at all some places.

Now, 'f any o' you boys ever comes across Hank Malloy, you jes ast 'im what about that there blood purifier, an' if he don't crack her up good, I'll set 'em up twice for this hull crowd."

### Meet Tonight.

A final meeting of the committee having the St. Andrew's ball in charge will be held tonight. All accounts will be adjusted and the business matters pertaining to the ball finally wound up.

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